

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by Marvin Dana,
Author of "Within the Law,"
From the Successful Play
by Daniel D. Carter

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SYNOPSIS.

Henry Allen, a young married man, is sentenced to be executed for killing the man who won the affections of Allen's wife. Allen's brother, Andrew, known to the criminal world as "The Master Mind," determines to avenge his brother. He writes the district attorney that he will send him white, red and black blank cards indicating the progress of his plans for revenge.

Andrew discovers that the district attorney who convicted Henry is in love with an orphan girl who once saved his life. The district attorney, Wainwright, has been searching for this girl, but cannot find her.

Andrew finds the girl and after conspiring to send her to prison gets her released. He then educates her.

The Master Mind, Andrew, then provides a family and a house for the girl, Lucene. The members of the "family" are ex-crooks living under assumed names. Lucene, however, does not know of their past. Andrew takes the position of butler in the house.

Lucene's three associates represent themselves as her father, mother and brother. They take the name of Blount under Andrew's commands. Finally, unknown to Lucene, they quarrel among themselves.

Wainwright, the district attorney, is married to the Blount establishment by Andrew and accomplices. Wainwright has become up as a leading candidate for governor of New York state. Andrew plots to ruin him.

Lucene meets Wainwright. It is a case of love at first sight. Each remembers the occasion when the girl saved his life by binding a tourniquet around a wrist injured in an automobile accident. They marry.

Creegan, a notorious western thief, is summoned east by Andrew for a mysterious purpose. Creegan talks with Walter Blount, who is a criminal posing as Lucene's brother.

Creegan learns that the girl he once knew in Chicago as Maggie Flint is now Lucene, the wife of District Attorney Wainwright. The thief is informed by Andrew as to where the Wainwrights live. Lucene is kept. Andrew sends Wainwright a black card—the sign that his blow is about to fall.

On receiving the black card, which was found inserted in a book, Wainwright holds a conference with Marshall, a detective about "The Master Mind."

Creegan reveals to Wainwright that, although posing as a butler, he really is the dreaded Master Mind. Marshall captures Creegan in an attempt to rob the Wainwright family safe. Lucene is present and recognizes Creegan.

Wainwright appears on the scene. The thief tries to complicate Lucene, following Andrew's orders, and says that he traveled from Chicago to see her at her request. He claims that she gave him money.

(Continued From Last Week)

"Look at me!" he commanded. She made no answer; only stood downcast before him, tremulous, longing, fearfully reluctant. "Look at me!" Again the command smote her, moved her strangely to obedience, despite everything.

"Lucene!" Once again, his voice was wholly masterful. "Look at me!" Then, at last, she yielded her eyes to his, and the piteous sacrifice in those depths taught him something of the ghastly truth that lay beneath her surface reluctance.

He went to the door leading into the hall and called sharply:

"Marshall, Marshall!" There came an indeterminate sound that he translated into an answer. "Bring Creegan here!" was his command.

A moment later the detective appeared with a manacled thief at his side.

"Take off the handcuffs," Wainwright directed briskly.

After one glance at the set face Marshall obeyed the order. Then Wainwright spoke again, to the prisoner:

"Creegan, my wife tells me that she and you had planned to go away together."

"That's right, gov'nor."

Wainwright turned his eyes full on his wife, and spoke easily, almost jocularly:

"Well, here she is, Creegan. Take her—and go!"

The thief stared wonderingly.

"Sure—sure!" he exclaimed.

Wainwright nodded toward Creegan and then looked toward his wife.

"Come, come!" he exhorted. "There's your man. Take him and be off." He went to her, took her hand, drew her forward, and placed her hand in that of the thief, holding the two together. The touch of the ruffian's hand on hers broke the bonds of her self control. She drew away with a shrill cry of horror.

"No, no, no!" she repeated fiercely. "I can't, I can't, I can't!"

"Lucene!" Wainwright's voice was surcharged with tenderness.

As the two disappeared Lucene uttered a broken cry and sank to the floor, huddling in helpless weakness. As she fell Wainwright leaped to her, caught her in his arms, drew her to his breast.

"Oh, my dear—my dear!" he said tremulously. "I knew it! Yes, I knew it!"

Then presently there came a whisper from the wife, a merest breath of sound, which told him loudly of her truth:

"Oh, Cortland, but I meant to go!"

For the time being Wainwright felt himself the conqueror. He understood in some measure the device by which the Master Mind had plotted to make Lucene the instrument of his vengeance.

He turned to Andrew with a smile of exultation at the utter discomfiture, as he deemed it, of his ingenious foe.

"I shall dismiss you now, Andrew," he said, rather superciliously.

The Master Mind, however, showed no trace of the humility of defeat.

"You are to learn, Mr. Wainwright, that I am not quite so easily dismissed."

Wainwright frowned disdainfully.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What has passed," Andrew remarked, "is merely an incident. Now we come at last to the real issue between us."

Wainwright was plainly perplexed.

"The real issue?" he repeated.

Andrew's eyes flashed ominously and in his utterance had a new toxic quality.

"Do you suppose that, after four years of careful planning, I would place the issue in the hands of a mere child?"

"Yet it would seem that you did commit just that folly."

"Not so!" Andrew's denial was spoken with angry vehemence. "I have my chief resource against you still in readiness, and I shall employ it. Listen, sir! You aspire to high office. Mr. Wainwright. The opposition to you is strong, and it is unscrupulous. You have threatened the corporations. They know what to expect from you. Now, if in the newspapers were to appear the story of certain peculiar talents of your wife's relatives, together with a sketch of your wife's life—"

"My wife's relatives!" Wainwright exclaimed.

It was Lucene who seized the opportunity for explanation. Little by little, she told the period of most frightful distress was past, she had been gathering some idea of the truth as to the manner in which she had served the vindictive spirit of the man whom she had regarded with a reverential gratitude. Though the whole matter was not yet clear to her by any means, she nevertheless perceived beyond the shadow of doubt that Andrew hated her husband and that he had maneuvered elaborately for revenge, and that she had been entrapped by his wiles into the playing of a part against the man she loved. There was to her a wonderful comfort now in the fact that her husband had remained, convinced of her faithfulness despite all appearance of evil. That he still loved her she knew, and the knowledge revived her spirit to revolt against the monstrous pretense induced by Andrew. She felt that now, at last, there was indeed an end to hypocrites between her and her husband. The secrecy and deceit of the past had been punished enough already, perhaps, in the misery of the present. For the future there should be only truth between them. The love of the man, she had learned, was big enough to forgive the wrong she had done him out of girlish weakness, treacherously beguiled by the deft leadings of one whom she esteemed as her kindly guardian. So at Wainwright's bewilderment exclamation, she cried out eagerly:

"Oh, let me be the one to tell you, Cortland. Please—please!" She clung to him in tender beseeching and felt a new strength from the fond glance of his eyes. "Yes," she went on, with a catch of her breath, "it's all true about me. I did wrong—oh, horribly wrong! I know now. My conscience told me the truth always, but I fought against it because he said I must. I let you think my name was Lucene Blount and that all these awful people were my relatives. Mr. Andrew said that it was the only way. I let him guide me. I honored him and loved him for all he had done for me, and I was sure that what he told me must be right, even when it seemed wrong to me." Of a sudden her face whitened, and the mouth drooped in fear. "Oh, I'm afraid I can't make you see, and, if I can't I shall die. You know, Cortland, I trusted him. Why, he has been like father and mother to me. And then he said he'd bring me the man I loved and explained that all this fraud about my life and relatives was the only way. He said, if you knew I was a poor girl with a bad record you never would care for me. And, because I longed so for you I let myself be persuaded and did everything as he bade me. I never dreamed that he was your enemy—never! Oh, Cortland, say that you see! Say it!"

"Poor child!" Wainwright murmured. "Of course, dear, I see! But these persons—who are they, really, then?"

Andrew interrupted, with a glib infection in his question:

"Perhaps you still fancy that the Blounts are actually relatives of your wife?"

"Why should I not?" Wainwright retorted.

"Your reputed brother-in-law, Walter Blount," Andrew explained, with evident relish, "is William Sloum, alias Diamond Willie. Your reputed mother-in-law is Milwaukee Sadie, an ex-shopteller. I may add incidentally that there are indictments out against her

in Chicago in connection with the white slave traffic."

"It seems to me," Wainwright objected, "that you are talking nonsense. I myself have talked with persons who know the Blounts perfectly well."

"Those individuals were from Laramie," Andrew replied. "They have known the Blounts, so called, for the last four years in Laramie. During that period of time the Blounts have in fact lived respectably out there on the proceeds of their crimes."

Curiosity prompted Wainwright's next question:

"And my father-in-law?"

"He is Henry Morgan, alias Black Hank, a crackman wanted in three cities." Abruptly Andrew's face took on its most malignant aspect. "And now," he said, with savage emphasis, "your wife!"

Wainwright stiffened himself.

"Well?" he inquired quietly.

"Your wife, Mr. Wainwright," Andrew declared, with unconcealed exultation, "is Maggie Flint. That is her real name. She has been convicted of 'left-served time.' She was, however, a first offender and was soon freed by influence under a suspended sentence. You will find the facts duly set forth in the criminal records of Chicago."

Now, again, Lucene broke in on the conversation. Her musical voice was harsh, high pitched, from anxiety.

"But I was innocent!" she cried to her husband. And then to Andrew: "You know I was! Say it!"

"Yes," Andrew admitted without the least reluctance; "that is true. You were innocent."

Wainwright's professional caution compelled a question.

"How can you know that?"

Andrew smiled cruelly. He spoke in a tone of placid contentment.

"Why, as to that, it was necessary according to my purpose for her to have a record. I therefore arranged to give her one."

For a few moments Wainwright was filled with fury over this revelation of heartless cruelty against the woman he loved. He looked down again at Lucene and saw that she was staring at Andrew with distended eyes.

"You didn't know?" the husband questioned.

"No, no!" the wife panted. "Why, it is horrible! All that frightful misery—and he did it—I—I loved him!"

Andrew's face grew tense under the denunciation, and his eyes fell for the first time. But he lifted them resolutely to meet Wainwright's as the latter spoke in crisp interrogation:

"Well, then, just what is your purpose?"

"You are a candidate for governor, but tomorrow will witness your formal retirement from public life forever!"

"You are mad!" Wainwright exclaimed contemptuously.

CHAPTER XVI.
The Last Menace.

YOUR retirement from public life for all time," Andrew persisted, with sinister enjoyment in the reiteration.

"Come, come, Mr. Wainwright," he went on, with malignant mockery. "When this little story is published abroad do you suppose the people of this state will have you, a dupe, a laughing stock, for the governor? I think I'll leave you to meditate on the situation. Or, perhaps," he suggested, "you would prefer to hand me now your resignation as a candidate for governor?"

Wainwright was thinking rapidly.

"Must you have your answer now?" he demanded.

"I will receive it any time before daybreak," the Master Mind concluded. "Suppose we set the time at 5 o'clock this morning."

"That will suit me very well indeed," Wainwright agreed.

"That hour makes a particular appeal to me," Andrew went on smoothly. "It was something less than four years ago, at about the hour of 5 in the morning, that my brother whom I loved sat in a stone cell—waiting—waiting for the dawn, the coming of which should end his life. So, now, I leave you—waiting for the dawn—and meet—waiting for the end of something you hold dearer than life. I think—the end of your public career. Until 5 o'clock, Mr. Wainwright!" The Master Mind wheeled quickly and went out of the room.

Alone together husband and wife stood long into each other's face. He bent and kissed the tender lips. When the caress was done she spoke pathetically:

"Oh, Cortland, darling, what have I done to you?"

"There, there, dearest!" he answered soothingly. "You are not to be blamed in any way, not even by yourself. You were caught in the meshes of a devil. You had no chance against the vindictive sagacity of the Master Mind. Go to the telephone in my study."

Wainwright directed briskly, with the precision of one who has exactly determined his course. "And call up 114—party J."

He kissed her again hurriedly, but very fondly, and put her from him. Marshall returned.

"Creegan's miles away now, by the rate he was going," Marshall replied.

Wainwright snapped. "Find Parker. You'll have to rout him out of bed, I suppose. Have him wake up the Blounts and herd them together for an interview with me right away. You keep an eye out for Andrew that he doesn't interfere." Lucene's voice came down the stairway in a summons to her husband, and he hurried to answer. At the telephone in the study, where his wife had left the receiver lying ready for his use, he put it to his ear, and called:

"Is this 114—party J? Yes? Dr. Forbes? Oh, doctor, listen! This is important!"

Wainwright hung up the receiver at last, and turned to his wife with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well, at least, that much has been arranged," he said. "Dr. Forbes has promised to come over here at once. Thank heaven, now we have a chance to win in this struggle."

"But I do not understand just what you mean to do," the wife exclaimed wonderingly. "You told him that Andrew had developed a strange mania, unmistakable symptoms of insanity; that you wished the man put under restraint for a period of observation. But you didn't tell the doctor the truth. And you will have to do that when he comes."

Wainwright shook his head.

"No," he said resolutely. "I shall convince the doctor that the man is mad."

Lucene welcomed the distraction of movement, when Wainwright suggested that they should descend to the library, to await the appearance there of the Blounts, and the later advent of Dr. Forbes. Indeed, the two had hardly more than settled themselves in rather impatient expectation when Marshall entered the room, and behind him trailed Mr. and Mrs. Blount, and their putative offspring, Walter.

At once, when the others were with him, Marshall, in response to a gesture from Wainwright, shut the door.

"Look here, Cortland!" Blount stormed, his big voice rumbling hoarsely. "What the devil does this fellow mean by routing us out of bed at this unholy hour of the night?"

Mrs. Blount, too, and Walter added their querulous complaints.

"Shut up—the lot of you!" Wainwright commanded fiercely.

Wainwright had turned his gaze full on the westerner at the beginning of the outburst.

"You were saying, Mr. Morgan?" he began.

Blount shrunk as from a blow, and his ruddy face grew gray.

"Wh—what? What's that?"

Wainwright was explicit enough.

"I said, Mr. Morgan—Mr. Henry Morgan, to be exact—alias, Black Hank."

Blount mopped his forehead with a handkerchief that became quickly wringing wet with the perspiration that had gushed forth at this open mention of a name that made audible all his terror of the law's vengeance against him for many offenses against it. "I have no idea as to what you are talking about," he answered.

Wainwright smiled with scorn.

"Perhaps," he remarked dryly, "your wife may prove more intelligent than you appear to be."

"Me? Why, the ideal!" she cried hysterically. "Me? The ideal!"

Wainwright regarded the excited woman with eyes in which there was no pity. His voice as he addressed her again was metallic:

"Yes, you, Sadie!"

The woman winced perceptibly.

"That is a respectful way for you to speak to your mother-in-law, ain't it, now?" she demanded indignantly, with a disdainful toss of her head.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cortland. So you should. 'Sadie,' indeed!"

Wainwright permitted himself another smile.

"Yes, 'Sadie, indeed!'" he agreed whimsically. "I might say Milwaukee Sadie, in fact!"

"Oh, rats!" she cried. And, having so said, she dropped down into a chair which creaked complacently.

Between sobs her voice sounded lugubrious. "And just when everything was going so nice too!"

Walter thrust out his jaw in proclamation of the strong will power he did not possess and essayed a tone of rather haughty remonstrance.

"Say, Cortland, I am shocked and surprised—greatly surprised. Honest to God, I don't know what!"

Wainwright's eyes sparkled angrily.

"Oh, so you don't know, eh?" he said icily. "Well, I do, Mr. Sloum."

The collapse of the fellow was almost ludicrously swift. He could only mumble a feeble attempt at a question, while his gaze shifted furtively, downcast.

"M—Mister what?"

"Mr. Sloum," Wainwright retorted, with clear emphasis, that suggested no doubt as to the fact: "alias Diamond Willie."

(Continued Next Week)

DON'T GIVE UP

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The experience of friends and neighbors.

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Will bring renewed encouragement. Here is a case in point.

W. J. Washburn, retired farmer, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for several years. My kidneys were irregular in action and some nights I had to get up several times to pass the kidney secretions. I had dull pains in my loins and my back got very lame. Doan's Kidney Pills have never failed to relieve the lameness in my back and regulate the action of my kidneys. I always keep Doan's Kidney Pills in the house."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Washburn had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N.Y.

Wesley Muscott of Breckenridge, was in Alma, Thursday and Friday of last week, on business.

Legal Notices

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

The Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, In Chancery.

Alma College, an educational corporation, Complainant, vs. William Finley, Junior, Gardner D. Williams, Ephraim S. Williams, Elmore Weaver, and Amasa P. Carroll, legatees, devisees or assigns of said deceased persons and each of them. Defendants.

In this cause, it appearing from affidavits on file that it is not known and cannot be ascertained in what state or country the defendants hereinabove named, or any of them, reside or live; and it appearing from the bill of complaint filed herein that certain of the defendants herein, namely, those who are proceeded against as the unknown heirs, legatees, devisees, representatives and assigns of the said deceased William Finley, Jr., Gardner D. Williams, Ephraim S. Williams, Elmore Weaver, and Amasa P. Carroll, cannot be personally served with process by reason of their being unnamed and proper parties to this suit and that more than fifteen years have elapsed since the instruments effecting the said lands described in the bill of complaint and which are the subject matter of this suit, were recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Gratiot.

Therefore on motion of William A. Bahkke, solicitor for complainant, it is ordered that the defendants above named and each and every one of them and the unknown and unnamed heirs, legatees, devisees, representatives and assigns of said named deceased and each of them, cause his, her or their appearance to be entered in this cause within five months from the date of this order, and that in case of the appearance respectively, that they cause their names to be entered in the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor, within fifteen days after service on each of them respectively, and that they otherwise plead or demur to the same as may be thought best, and that in default hereof said bill shall be taken as confessed the said defendants respectively.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days from the date of this order that the said complainant cause their order and notice thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that said complainant cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants respectively, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance herein.

Dated April 27, 1915.

Kelly S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

William A. Bahkke, Solicitor for complainant, Business Address, Alma, Michigan.

Take Notice: The above pending suit is brought to quiet and involves the title to lands described as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated and being in the township of Arcadia, county of Gratiot, Michigan, and described as the north one-half of the south one-quarter and all that part of the south one-half of the northwest fractional one-quarter lying south of Pine River, and all on section number four (4) in township number eleven (11) north of range three (3) west.

Dated April 27, 1915.

William A. Bahkke, Solicitor for complainant, Alma, Michigan.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

County of Gratiot.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.

In Chancery.

Jotham Allen and John McIntyre, Complainants, vs. Chauncey D. Ackley, or his unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, Helen E. Mearns, Defendants.

At a regular session of said court held in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on the 22nd day of May A.D. 1915:

Present, The Hon. Kelley S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

Jotham Allen and John McIntyre, the above named complainants, having filed in said cause a Bill of Complaint against the above named and unnamed defendants, and which said suit is brought to quiet and remove clouds from the title to certain lands described as follows: The north half of the south west quarter of the north half of the south west quarter and that part of the south east quarter of the south west quarter lying north of the Ann Arbor Railroad right of way, all on section thirty-six in township ten north of range two west, Michigan, and that the said Bill having been duly verified by said complainants, and

it satisfactorily appearing to the court from said verified Bill of Complaint and from affidavits on file in said cause that the said Helen Mearns does not reside in the state of Michigan, but that she does reside in the city of Watertown, in the state of New York;

And it further appearing to the satisfaction of the court that diligent search and inquiry have been made to ascertain the present residence and whereabouts of the above named defendants, and that it is not known and cannot be ascertained whether the said Helen E. Mearns, or their unknown heirs, legatees, devisees or assigns, cause their appearance to be entered in this cause on or before the 23rd day of October A.D. 1915, and in case of his or their appearance that he or they cause his or their answer or answers to Complainant's Bill of Complaint to be filed in this cause and a copy or copies thereof to be served on Complainant's Solicitor within twenty days after service upon him or them of a copy of said Bill of Complaint and notice of this order, and in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed and said defendants or so many of them as shall be in default.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date of this order the Complainants cause a copy thereof to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on each of said defendants at least twenty days before the time prescribed herein for their appearance.

Kelly S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

Counter-signed: R. L. Case, Register in Chancery.

It is hereby ordered to quiet and remove clouds from the title to lands described in said Bill of Complaint as follows: The south half of the north half of the south west quarter and that part of the south east quarter of the south west quarter lying north of the Ann Arbor Railroad right of way, all on section thirty-six in township ten north of range two west, Michigan.

O. G. Tuttle, Solicitor for Complainants, Business Address, Ithaca, Mich.

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ESTATE OF LYMAN C. COHOON.

FINAL ACCOUNT.